

THAT TRIP TO MEXICO.

It's Postponed Until the First Part of January.

[From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

The managers of the merchants and manufacturers excursion to Mexico have postponed the day for starting until the early part of January. This action is in accordance with the urgent desire of a number of prominent business men of this city and other places, who base their request for the postponement on two grounds. In the first place, business men will, during the next month, be engaged in making up the annual balance sheet, and would like to give the matter of closing up the year's transactions their personal attention. In the second place, many seriously object to being in a foreign country during the holidays. Every American likes to enjoy his Christmas turkey at home, and it is no small matter to forego the annual social pleasures incident to the season. It is with great reluctance that the managers of the expedition have consented to the change, on the ground that postponements are usually disastrous to anything of the kind. One thing that will prove more satisfactory to all parties concerned will be the opportunity thus afforded to inquire into the true state of things in Mexico, which Minister Foster's letter has called into question. There are indications that the Mexican government will take official notice of the communication, it having been sent through the state department, and the result may be graver than the writer probably anticipated. As to the advice to American merchants on matters of commerce exclusively, the other government has nothing to do, but it appears that the Mexican cabinet may see fit to regard the general tone of the letter as discourteous to the administration of affairs in our sister republic. In view of the fact that the government of the United States has deemed it proper to recognize the existence of the present government of the republic of Mexico, the communication is regarded as very ill-advised by those most familiar with existing relations between the two countries. There is one thing agreed, however, that the leading officials and business men of Mexico will spare no pains to outdo the grand programme determined upon for the reception of the excursionists. The precise date that the steamer will leave Galveston will be announced in a few days. It will be between the 1st and 6th of January, according to the convenience of the line. The exact date will be known about a month ahead, so that all can make their arrangements advisedly.

A Silver Discovery.

There is great excitement in Mason county on account of the discovery of a rich silver ledge on the Perdinale, about two miles below the falls, crossing the bottom of a deep canon on Dr. Hackenberg's rancho. A few days ago several men with a team appeared in our village and inquired for the owner of this rancho. In their interview with the Doctor they first proposed to buy it. But when they found that it was not for sale, they asked for a lease to grant them the privilege to seek for minerals on the land and to work the same if they are found. On close interrogation they said they supposed there was silver on the place. The Doctor rather abruptly told them that as long as he supposed there was silver on the place he would put no such restrictions on his lands, but if they gave him positive proof that there was silver there, he would negotiate with them for their discovery. They said if a lease was granted to them, even on his own terms, they would take him to the place where the mine was, in order to relieve his mind of all doubts. They then stated that there were four persons—connected by consanguinity—concerned in the discovery of a silver ledge on said rancho. Years ago, one of this party—his name I have forgotten—when a boy, fell into the hands of the Comanches, and lived with them several years. Fourteen years ago he, with a party of Comanches, took silver out of this ledge and ran it into balls. The youth fired some of these balls into a tree close to the mine as one of the marks to designate the location. He made other private marks near the mouth of the ravine for the same purpose. This ledge was near that Comanche trail running over the east end of Hackenberg's rancho, towards the head of the falls of the Perdinale. After this person left the Comanches he frequently attempted to find the spot, but he did not succeed until four years ago, by the aid of his present associates. It was known by many that

there was a silver mine of extraordinary richness on that part of the Perdinale, that had been worked by Mexicans and Indians, and more than one person was for years in diligent search of it. I even know of an Austin banker that took great interest in finding this ledge. When these persons found the ancient marks on the trees, the ledge was easily found. New marks were made and the ledge carefully covered with earth and heavy stones. The Doctor, after having heard this statement from them, gave them a lease to work the mine. He went with one of them, a Joseph H. Vaughan, one of the party, and experienced silver miner, and found all those ancient marks around the partly exposed ledge, true to a word as they stated. On examination it was found that the ledge crossed a remarkably deep ravine in an oblique course, and was only discovered by its exposure to the surface from the hillside. The ledge is said to be about three feet wide, and although it has been worked to the depth of several feet, they have never gone beyond the depth of it. The silver is mostly in a crystallized metallic state, and pronounced by Mr. Vaughan to be the richest in the United States. I am told that they will commence work on the mine in a few days, as soon as they can get the necessary tools from Austin.

Who Stole Stewart's Body?

OUR CORRESPONDENT.

This is an age of surprises. We very much regret to say it, but we have evidence in our possession which points strongly to Whitelaw Reid, Rev. Talmage and George Francis Train as the violators of Mr. Stewart's grave. It is hard to think of these gentlemen, who have heretofore occupied such high positions in social and literary circles, as ghouls, grave-robbers and human hyenas, and yet the evidence against them cannot well be set aside. For instance, on the night of the outrage Mr. Talmage left home at the usual hour, about half past ten, informing his wife that he was going over to New York to pick up a few facts for his next sermon. Mrs. Talmage remarked that thing was getting a trifle thin, or something to that effect, but finally gave her consent, and Mr. Talmage went off whistling "O I'm one of the Boys Myself." His hour for returning from these nocturnal excursions, Mrs. Talmage states, is about 3 a. m. Did the gentleman return at that hour on that fatal morning? He did not. He did not get home until after daylight. Perhaps the gentleman can account for his strange tardiness on this morning of all mornings, and we know of no better place for him to do this than in the open court.

Now for Mr. Train. A spade was undoubtedly used to remove the earth from the casket that held the remains. Now observe. One week before Mr. Stewart's remains were stolen Mr. Train stepped into a hardware store in New York and purchased a short-handled spade, telling the salesman that he would call on the following Saturday and pay for it. The salesman said they did a strictly cash business, but Mr. Train pulled out a pocket blackboard and showed him that the age had evolved beyond the cash system, and intimated that if he was not permitted to purchase the spade on true business principles he would out the psychology wire between the establishment and its patrons, and it would certainly shoot the Niagara of bankruptcy before sunset the next day. He was permitted to take the spade. As if additional evidence were needed against Mr. Train, our attention has been called to the fact that on the day before the ghastly robbery he was seen sitting on his accustomed bench in Madison square, and was heard to repeat the following lines from the grave-yard scene in Hamlet:

"A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shroud—sheet;
Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet."

Now let us turn our attention to Mr. Whitelaw Reid. It will be remembered that a copy of the *New York Herald* was found the morning of the robbery at or near the violated tomb. Now, mark the following facts: On the evening preceding the morning of the dastardly outrage Whitelaw Reid was seen going into the Tribune beer saloon reading a copy of the *New York Herald* of the same date as the one found. A few moments later Mr. Reid emerged from the saloon, looking cautiously about him, and, when he supposed no one was watching, placed three cardamon seeds in his mouth and walked rapidly away.

These are the rock-ribbed and everlasting facts. We leave the rest to the police and Judge Hilton, who offered the reward. Address as usual.

The Dark Day.

Of all the wonderful stories that my great-grandmother used to tell my mother when she was a little girl, the most wonderful was about the dark day in New England, Friday, May 19th, 1780. This was during our revolution, you will remember, and the same year in which the traitor, Benedict Arnold, attempted to betray his country to its enemies.

For several days before the 19th the air was full of vapors, as we often see it when fires are raging in the woods near us, and the sun and moon appeared red, and their usual clear light did not reach us, especially when rising and setting. The winds blew chiefly from the south-west and northeast, and the weather was cool and clear. The morning of the 19th was cloudy and in many places slight showers fell, sometimes accompanied by thunder and lightning; but as the sun arose it did not increase the light, and the darkness deepened and deepened, until the children standing before the tall clocks could not see to tell time, and older people peering over the almanacs were not able to distinguish the letters. The birds sang their evening song and flew to their nests in the woods, the poultry hurried to their roosts, while cattle in the fields uttered strange cries and leaped the stone fences to gain their stalls, and the sheep huddled together bleating piteously.

Color, which you know depends upon the light of the sun, filled many with astonishment by its unusual appearance, for the clouds were in some places of a light red, yellow and brown; the leaves on the trees and the grass in the meadows were of the deepest green, verging on indigo, the brightest silver seemed tarnished, and everything that is white in the sunlight bore a deep yellow hue.

The shadows, which before noon fall to the westward and after noon to the eastward, were observed during the darkness to fall in every direction.

The rain, also, was unlike any other rain, and it set all the people to wondering as they dipped it from tubs and barrels; for a scum formed on it resembling burnt leaves, emitting a sooty smell, and this same substance was seen on streams and rivers, especially on the Merrimac, where it lay four or five inches thick, for many miles along its shore.

Another peculiarity was the vapor; in many localities it descended to the earth from high in the atmosphere; but at one point a gentleman saw the vapors, at 9 o'clock, rising from the springs and lowlands; one column he particularly noticed rapidly ascending far above the highest hills, then it spread into a large white cloud and sailed off to the westward, a second cloud formed in the same way from the same springs, but did not rise as high as the first, and a third formed fifteen minutes afterward. At a quarter of ten the uppermost cloud was of a reddish hue, the second was green, indigo and blue, and the third was almost white.

So unwholesome was this vapor that small birds were suffocated in it, and many of them so frightened and stupefied that they flew into the houses, adding to the fears of ignorant people, who considered it a bad sign for a bird to enter a dwelling.

The commencement of the darkness was between ten and eleven in the forenoon (when the men were busy in the fields and offices and workshops, the women spinning, weaving and preparing dinner, and the children at school, or helping their fathers and mothers at home), and it continued until the middle of the following night; but the degree of darkness varied; in some places the disk of the sun was seen when the darkness was the most dense.

Lights were seen burning in all the houses, and the people passing out of doors carried torches and lanterns, which were curiously reflected on the overhanging clouds.

Thousands of people were sure that the end of the world had come; many dropped their work and fell on their knees to pray, others confessed to their fellows the wrongs they had done and endeavored to make restitution.

The meeting-houses were crowded, and neighborhood prayer-meetings were formed, and the ministers and old church members prayed long prayers, mentioning the nations and individuals of Bible times who had been destroyed on account of their sins, and begging that as God had spared the great city of Nineveh when it repented, so He would forgive them, cheer them again by the light of the sun and give victory to their armies.

It is said that the Connecticut legislature being in session, the members be-

came frightened when they could not see each others faces, and a motion was made to adjourn, when Mr. Davenport arose and said:

"Mr. Speaker, it is either the day of judgment, or it is not. If it is, I desire to be found doing my duty. If it is not, there is no need of adjourning. I move that candles be brought, and that we proceed to business."

All the shivering, frightened people began now to look forward to evening, hoping that as the moon rose full at nine o'clock, her light would penetrate the gloom; but all the children who ceased to sit up and see her, grew very sleepy, their strained eyes were not rewarded by her beautiful beams, for at eight in the evening the darkness was total; one could not distinguish between the earth and the heavens, and it was impossible to see a hand before one's face.

Then all the weary children were sent to bed after the most honest prayers that they had ever prayed, and the old people sat up to watch for the light that had never before appeared so glorious.

And never dawned a fairer morning than the 20th of May, for the sun that opened the flowers and mirrored itself in the dew-drops brought the color again to the children's faces, and filled every heart with confidence.

The birds sang joyously, the cattle returned to their pastures, the places of business were opened, and every one went about his business more gentle toward man and more grateful toward God.

After the darkness was passed, several persons traveled about to gather all possible information concerning this memorable day, and Dr. Tenny wrote an account of what he learned on a journey from the East to Pennsylvania. He says the deepest darkness was in Essex county, Massachusetts, the lower part of New Hampshire, and the eastern portion of Maine (where my grandmother lived). In Rhode Island and Connecticut it was not so great; in New Jersey peculiar clouds were observed, but the darkness was not so uncommon, and in the lower parts of Pennsylvania nothing unusual was observed.

It extended as far north as the American settlements and westward to Albany, but its exact limits could not be ascertained.

In Boston the darkness continued fourteen or fifteen hours, varying in duration at other places.

As it was impossible to attribute the darkness to an eclipse, the wise people formed many theories concerning it; being convinced that it was due to immense fires in the woods, winds blowing in opposite directions, and to the condition of the vapors; but Herschel says: "The dark day in Northern America was one of those wonderful phenomena of nature which will always be read with interest, but which philosophy is at a loss to explain."—*Ella A. Drinkwater, in St. Nicholas for November.*

Infantry vs. Artillery.

Some curious experiments have been made in England for the purpose of demonstrating the value of infantry as opposed to artillery. The result was not such as was anticipated. A half battery of artillery was represented by three logs of wood painted black, each supported by a couple of trip-les. The guns were at full intervals and placed on a shelf of the target butt, about twelve feet above the level of the range. In rear of each gun, at a distance of some four yards, were placed, resting in a slightly-inclined position against the target butts a brown blanket on a frame eight feet square. These represented the limbers and teams. The gunners were supposed to be kneeling in shallow pits, giving some slight protection, and were represented by blackboards four feet high by twenty inches broad, the top diminishing like the summit of a tombstone. There were five gunners to each gun, one gunner to each limber, and an officer. In order to give an air of realism to the experiment, a fire of wood and straw was kindled on one side of the guns, in order that the latter might be partly shrouded by smoke as they would be in action. Opposed to these guns were two sections, each of ten picked marksmen. The range was 1400 yards, and ten rounds per man were consumed in independent firing and ten rounds in volley firing. Two hundred cartridges were fired, and but a single dummy gunner was hit.

A Texas paper says boldly that Texas girls want less restraint and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor; more exercise and less sofa; more pulling and less piano.

Nights in Moscow.

The treasure that lingers in the Russian palace at Moscow is one of the most interesting sights. One sees there all the crowns of the emperors of Russia from the time of the first Romanoff, also their scepters and coronation-chairs, many of them presents from foreign sovereigns. A magnificent chair of carved ivory was given by the sultan of Turkey. Here, too, are coronation-roses, sparkling with jewels, and an immense pair of boots which belonged to Peter the Great. Many of the ancient jewels, necklaces, ear-rings, etc., are kept here in a glass case. In a large hall, arranged in different groups, are all the presents which have ever been made to Russia by foreign countries; silver tankards, mother-of-pearl bowls, amber ornaments, and all kinds of magnificent things, as well as many common ones. Here, as in every corner of Europe, are souvenirs of Napoleon. His portrait, in full emperor's robes, is hung in one of the rooms, and underneath it are the beds on which he slept when he was in Moscow. These are in a hall which is devoted to ancient equipages and saddles. Two of the latter were sent by the sultan to Catherine II, and are covered with pearls, emeralds, rubies and other precious stones. This empress used to ride astride, dressed in male costume, with her hair floating over her shoulders. Perhaps the most curious thing of all is an old carriage which was sent by queen Elizabeth to the czar Boris Godunoff. He implored her to come and help him drive the Turks out of Europe, whereupon she sent him word she could not do that; but she made him a present of this carriage, on the front of which Boris is represented conquering the Turks. The palace is inside the Kremlin walls. Some of the rooms are as large and handsome as those in the St. Petersburg palace; the halls of St. Alexander and St. George are particularly fine. The ancient part is curious; the ceilings are low and supported by rafters that a tall man can touch with the hand; but rafters, ceiling and walls are covered with paintings and decorations. The rooms which the shah of Persia occupied are exhibited—but he did not sleep on the bed, he preferred the carpet. The only way to get about comfortably in Moscow in the summer is to walk where one wants to go. The streets are paved with cobble-stones, and these Russian drivers have no mercy on you, but rattle you relentlessly over the stones at the rate of twelve miles an hour, so you are fortunate if you do not get a headache for the day. As for conversation, that is utterly impossible in a carriage. But what a capital place Moscow is for ladies to shop in! Opposite the Kremlin is the Gastinni Dror (strangers' court), an immense square block of two-story buildings. A walk skirts all around the four sides under an arcade, along which are ranged various booths. In all directions run narrow, dark, mysterious passages, and as you follow them along you find them lined with shops of every description. The building is all covered over, and is paved with stone—gutters running in the middle. The walks are obstructed with boxes and merchandise, not to mention beggar-children who sing out their story in a very plaintive way. The shops are small and mean-looking, most of them not more than six feet square, and the wares which are exhibited are extremely common. But once let the merchant know that you understand what you are buying, and he rummages in all the dark little corners and brings out no end of treasure, in the shape of old silver mugs and tankards, chains and crosses, brocades, fine Russian laces, unset emeralds, turquoise and aquamarines, beside strings of real pearls and quantities of lapis lazuli articles. He charges a good round sum for his goods, but will take much less; sometimes half. A specialty of Moscow is the papier-mache work, which I have seen nowhere else in such brilliant colors. This, however, is quite expensive. The Kremlin by the light of the full moon is a sight which pays for many weary days of travel. Every dome in the city stands out with wonderful distinctness, and all the delicate gilt crosses glitter in the soft light. Then the river winds about the city like a great snake, with the hundreds of gas-lights on its banks reflected in the water. There are more than 1000 churches in Moscow.—*Cor. Boston Advertiser.*

"Do you mean to say positively madam," said a lawyer to a witness, "that the person referred to never left his native village after the day of his marriage?" "I do." How do you know he never did?" "Because I saw him buried in the village grave-yard the same afternoon."